

Returning

by whitesilence

The mists of Azkaban release him at long last.

Returning

Chapter 1 of 1

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The mists of Azkaban release him at long last,
Again into the wide open spaces of the world.
He takes his first faltering steps on English land,
Tasting and testing that familiar bittersweet freedom.
Grey white gulls soar over his bowed head.
Their mournful cries cut through the air,
Echoing his thoughts as he walks down the pier,
Of what his long incarceration might have lost.
The way her body molded against his
Pushed back the coldness in his bones
And her bright laughter rung in his ears,
Pierced the ice of his shivering heart.
A familiar voice calls his name,
He turns and looks into beloved brown eyes,
Whose warm light banishes all his cold fears.
And then he is:
Running, enveloping, spinning her in his arms,

Burying his nose in her library scented hair.

He sighs his relief against her velvet cheek,

His joy against her lips.